



Mr. Dooley and Politics.

"Th' more I think av us, th' more pollytics is a funny game to me," said Mr. Dooley to his friend Mr. Hennessy, as they watched Tachyanna leave his mountain of flesh around the square ring at the baseball park.

"Well, f'r me 'tis a mighty serious thing," said Mr. Hennessy. "Phwat wid Joe Fern standin' on his records an' th' Gynrle Rial out th' territorial offshals wid both hands, Oi don't know phwerr Oi'm at."

"Thot's phwat Oi'm tryin' to tell ye, Hinniessey," said Mr. Dooley. "Fern is standin' on his records, with a phlinal, ye mind, an' th' Gynrle is standin' on his dignity, an' Caldwell is standin' out in th' cold, an' Josh Tucker is standin' on his head, wid Palmer Woods standin' be th' dure ready f'r to ship in, phwat th' rist av th' gang is standin' an' roun' wid hatebits."

"Th' no lie av Ferns thot he's standin' on his records, with a phlinal. His thrall has his so thwisty thot avin he don't know phwether 'tis wan record or two. Fern turned Dimmycrat in th' time av tsk him to walk f'r th' Republican convenshun, phwerr he had his turned down, over to th' Dimmycrat convenshun, phwerr he nominated him. Th' convenshun av Saint Paul was a long draw out affair compared wid his. Avin Link tuk several days f'r to find out thot th' party thot had not illeted him was no phlase f'r a man wid money enuf f'r to buy a party av his own."

"Wid Kahio, now, 'tis diffinat. Kahio didn't know phwat he was, but was willin' f'r to thry. Joe Cooke ses: 'Yer a Raypubliken.' 'An' Oi?' ses Cupid. 'Phwat's a Raypubliken?' he ses. 'A Raypubliken's a man loike you, thot we c'n illet,' ses Cooke. 'Well,' ses Cupid, 'Oi'll tak a chanst an' yer bein' 'roight,' he ses, 'an' now we'll go ovir f'r to see Jack Atkinson about travellin' an' othir legitimat expences av th' campaign,' he ses."

"So he carries th' day an' th' th' ghlorious principals av th' O. P. triumphs. Ut kep on triumphing, wan triumph followin' th' othir so close thot it becum a continual performance, wid th' spot light always phlayin' an' th' slapin' for'm av th' Phrinee, an' th' bills goin' in regular. 'Bould on a minit,' ses Cooke. 'Giv us more axchin' he ses. 'Nethin' doin' he ses. 'Av uts ax-shun ye want, git hock wid yet fountin' pen,' he ses. So iverywan gets a hand up an' th' income av th' Phrinee is shut off at th' shource."

"There is excitement in Raypubliken circles. 'Phwat,' ses Jack Atkinson, 'no more funds? Thot bein' th' case,' he ses, 'Oi'm goin' f'r to be a Progreisive, wid Carther, who is more me oiden av a blifflent thrash, anyway,' he ses. 'Far be ut f'r me,' he ses, 'to be associated wid a party av corrupshun' he ses. 'Oi'm thired av always peddlin' th' same old bull,' he ses, 'an' me an' Carther is goin' to giv Kalamakalani a new phlase f'r to hav his male ticket pinched,' he ses. 'An' so Jack starts a bran' new carol index, transfeirin' th' cost abeck over."

"Wid thot, up ephrings Kalamakalani, an' s'thar's a rival indipindint party, an' Charley Nolley is so rattled he don't know phwether to git Home Rule money f'r Atkinson, as usual, or f'r Shinglo, who has tuk ovir th' overdraft f'r Cooke wid th' rist av Kahio's indorsements, or f'r th' whom. Phwerrver he turns th' shanahul horizon is cloudy wid probabul shnow. Th' Lahuis has bin ovir th' pasture feld an' rapports th' mushroom crop all toud-shules. Th' Rice campaigners ar'e th' rawist av amachures an' act surprised phvin anny wan minahuns money. So phwat is a man to do, Hinniessey. I aks ye, is it not enuf f'r to mak a vother dischord wid th' shanahul?"

"Phwat ar'e th' Civic Peds doin' politically?" asked Mr. Hennessy, by way of introducing a cheerful subject.

"Nawthin'," answered Mr. Dooley. "Thot's wan silver linin' to th' chloiid, anyway."

Talk Is Cheap.

We have had huns of reformers for the past two years telling us just what is the matter with Honolulu; we have had good advice from pulpits, platform, street corner and league hall, on every subject and from all manner of people; our institutions have been analyzed and dissected; our public men have been criticized and their mistakes made plain; our faults, our failings and our manifold errors have been subjected to what our great and good friend at Washington calls "pitiless publicity." The great white light has been beaming upon the city hall, the Capitol and the various governmental institutions. The call to arms has been sounding for the past year. The people have been told to go out and smite the evils that beset our body politic hip and thigh. Resolutions have been passed without number.

And with what result? The time for talk is passed. Good advice has now to be transformed into action. The resolutions passed in mass meetings should be the groundwork for platforms and the bases for political statements. Those who have been so inspiring in their words should be in the forefront of the workers.

And are they? Looking casually over the political field we see plenty of familiar faces, but they are not the faces of those who have been preaching all this necessity for changes. We hear many familiar voices these days, but they have not the tones of the ones who have declaimed for months against civic extravagance and political rottenness.

Where are all those reformers? What has caused this sudden stillness in the forums, the pulpits, the platforms?

I know. It is because there are many more willing to talk than to work; so many who would rather find fault with what others are trying to do than move a hand to do anything themselves. Honolulu is full of reformers by word of mouth, but is mighty shy or reformers ready to transfer words into actions. We have reform four-flushers by the hundreds, and I am prepared to state here and now for their benefit that they make me tired.

A French Canadian statesman, J. Israel Tarte, used to preach at his funeral on this text: "De eleeshun, she don't be won by prayer," and it might be well for some of those very earnest ones who have been talking and preaching and exhorting about reforms needed to sit down and ponder over this little epigram, because reforms don't come about by wishing in these days of the direct primary and it is not possible to elect the men we would like to have in office if these men balk at allowing their names to go before the people and refuse to have anything to do with politics.

"Politics," to hear some men say the word, is a sort of a disgraceful thing, too utterly vile for any power-worshiper to touch; too nasty for any real nice man; too vulgar for the sort of fellow who gets his name in the paper as "among those present" at church festivities, convocations and lawn parties in aid of the social uplift campaign.

Some of our most ardent between-election reformers so detect the nasty game of politics, where you have to meet so many objectionable characters, you know, that they haven't even the gumption to become registered as voters. And yet, these are the human hairpins who pose as leaders in "reform." So far as practical results are concerned, they couldn't lead a chow dog on a string.

As I have remarked, a good many of the reformers, a good many

of the "good business government" advocates in the off season, a good many of the we-must-have-change men, give me a pain. The official ballot at the primaries is going to be three feet long and almost as wide, but on all its expanse there will be mighty few names of these "good government" spoilers.

The Pineapple Situation.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding all these elaborate explanations by the pineapple cannery I am kannaah about their extreme ideas for the poor devils who are growing the fruit. The amount that the canners would have to pay to return the farmers the bare cost of production would not total an excessive sum. To me it is inconceivable that any food crop should not be worth at least the value of the labor that has gone into its production. What adds to my perplexity is to see every one of the packers installing new machinery, enlarging their plant and equipment, and showing in the most expensive and concrete form their own faith in the future of the industry.

The history of Hawaiian agricultural development is replete with instances where the big men and the big interests have gone out of their way to help the little growers over the bad years. I know of one sugar plantation that paid its contract planters over a hundred thousand dollars simply because of the moral responsibility entailed on the small growers by the big men advocating a certain policy. If the small men had used in court not one dollar of that hundred thousand would have been legally recoverable.

That sort of thing has been rather characteristic of the sugar industry in Hawaii. I say, in spite of all the muckraking criticisms and abuse that have been leveled at our big planters, that you will have to search the world with a fine-toothed comb to find a group of leaders who have been fairer to the poor man, the small man and the underdog.

Are the pineapple kings acting in the true Hawaiian spirit of fairness and more than fairness towards the small pineapple growers? The public would like to know more about it.

SOME REMARKS HIGH PRIVATE JONES

"What!" exclaimed the Sergeant, as High Private Jones reached for a bottle of square-face. "Are you on that route now?" "Well, what's the matter with this stuff?" asked Jones. "All the best people here use it regular an' an' colonials might as well get the habit. We got to stay here an' assimilate with the population, so its no use bein' stuck up at all. Might as well start in right now."

"I guess you're right," replied the Sergeant, as he poured out a generous slug for himself. "I say old man," continued Jones, "did you ever take notice of some of the characters comin' home on th' seven o'clock train on Sunday night. First you see the sweethearts. They can't break at th' command, so they have to tag along down to th' depot and do th' Lover's Lane promenade up an' down th' platform. They're all colors, sizes an' varieties. Some of 'em are really lovely; an' others are only mercenary. But they all stick around till the second bell, an' then old Father Time shuts the gates an' they got to beat it outside. Some of them adien'd give you th' pin."

"Then the fun begins when she pulls out of the yard. A lot of these hot-house people get busy an' close the windows first thing. You know how wide them seats are? 'Bout seventeen inches. If you happen to draw one of them fat people you're simply out o' luck, especially if the fat party gets there first an' takes the rail, an' then closes the window. One hour an' ten minutes of misery for you, if you're lucky. If you're not, you get home some time 'bout two a. m. About half the time you're not lucky, an' she hits a rock that fell down off the hill somewhere along in the night, or else she breaks a connection, rod or the air won't work. Havin' given up your ticket, all you can do is to take it out in bad language, commuin' with yourself."

"There ain't no such thing as goin' to sleep while you're waitin'. There ain't no room. You ain't got room to make yourself comfortable in them little seats, even if you ain't actually sufferin' from the pressure of a big party. Besides the backs of the seats ain't high enough for a grown man to rest his head on. "Once in a while you'll find somebody asleep, usually some souse who can't wake up long enough to get his ticket punched. Maybe one of these guys that knows his failin's, an' has a couple of tickets, one in his pocket an' another in his cap for emergencies."

THE CONJURER



"There will soon be a boom of business such as we have never witnessed."

An Appreciation of Emmeline Pankhurst

Old Hell's Delight—that is, Emmeline Pankhurst—is getting in her work again. Murder is her "Third Degree." Having perfected her dupes in the gentle arts of Riot and Arson, this she-devil of destruction inevitably addresses herself to the pleasant crime of killing. She must have blood.

Can this be the self-same Emmeline Pankhurst who was brought here to Louisville, flattered and fêted, and represented as the very type and embodiment of glorious womanhood? Yes, verily, the same! And, because the Courier-Journal refused to take her at her face value—not to mention the money-grubbing requirements—the group of local women behind her were ready to read it. What do they think of their idol now? One may well apprehend that the women at the head of the feminist agitation in the East are no better. Indeed, their richest, most important and influential leader has served notice and boldly threatened Pankhurst proceedings unless suffrage is granted inside the coming two years.

Down with the man-made world, is the cry of feminism in England. Out with the man-written Bible and the man-made church; every woman to pick the father of her child, and just as many children and fathers as she elects; free sex; free love; and to the devil with religion. That is the platform of feminism, not alone in England, but on the Continent, and it only wants a little more agitation in America to set its banners here floating on the breeze.

Meanwhile, reasonable men do not oppose the franchise for women in cases where she contributes to the public revenues—no taxation without representation—and in all questions relating to the schools, to the charities and the corrections. Reasonable men would keep women out of the bull ring of politics as out of the sporting prize ring. They do not want women to unsex herself; first, because she shouldn't; second, because she can't. She may debate herself, like the poor, insane clothes of Emmeline Pankhurst. She may get down into the dreadful corruption and dirt of party strife. She may make herself a scourge. But ever and ever she will remain what God and Nature intend'd her to be, a woman; a wife and mother, to beaz and rear children; to moderate, humanize and civilize the men; to make on earth one place of refuge—one seat of repose—one shrine of love and duty, which men may come to and call home.

It is full time that the good, thoughtful and responsible women of the South—of Kentucky—of Louisville begin seriously to consider where these wild women of England, and their more intelligent and astute but equally wicked and sinister sisters in America, are leading them. The protest of "votes for women" is but an entering wedge. It is a subterfuge. They proclaim suffrage only as an outpost. When they have carried it, the real purpose of annihilating all existing institutions as man-made and therefore unfair to women, will begin in earnest.

That, which it is sincerely believed, is the emanation of warped

But it don't make no difference. The conductor an' the brakeman 'll take turns tryin' to wake him up. You can't blame him for not waitin' to wake up an' find himself in one of them crowded cars. Then they'll pull the cord an' stop the train, an' by that time some other guy that knows him'll come through with the fare, an' you're on your way again. You take a bunch too tired to stay awake, an' too crowded an' uncomfortable to go to sleep, an' they can't see any fun in anything. 'Consequence, you hear some lovely groans sometimes."

"Funny thing happened last night. Perfectly innocent young John comin' home from Honolulu, havin' in his possession one bottle of feelin' for first aid treatment. 'Nother nice young guy spots this here iodine, an' he begins to draw some deductions. Pretty soon he figures out that this here guy's goin' to do the Dutch act. Come you know Sarg, you don't have to go to town an' buy iodine. You can get it at the hospital dispensary. All you need is an Act of Congress. Well, anyhow, this guy figures he'd better watch the party with the bottle, an' he gets off the train an' walks up with him, keepin' his eye peeled. When he gets up to the mill, he gloms the poor fella an' runs him in for attemptin' suicide."

"This mornin' the top goes down and gets the kid out of the mill, an' gives him a week of extra kitchen police for causin' all that trouble. Can you beat it?"

women, of mistaken women, of women who have failed in their domestic life. They are dissatisfied. They know not just what hurts them, and they seek a change. Thus they become the followers of the self-exploiting, money-grubbing, ambitious and vain women, who, like Emmeline, have made feminism the business of their lives, and again like Old Hell's Delight are making a mighty good thing out of it.—Louisville Courier Journal.

American Investments in Mexico

American investments in Mexico have been estimated as reaching a total of one billion American dollars. The figure has even been placed at two billion dollars, but the lower estimate tallies with the figures of the department of commerce and labor. In 1910 the Mexican government stated that American capital invested in Mexican mines in the years 1892-1907 amounted to \$17,257,800; and it has been figured that \$124,000,000 was invested in the next five years. According to the same governmental estimate American investments in other industries in 1892-1907 were \$330,091,000. These figures are probably below the facts. The amount of money that crossed the border in the years 1907-12, remarks Joseph B. Gilder in the "Times Analyst," was enormous. The smelting industry has thrown millions from the United States to Mexico. The American Smelting and Refining Company, controlled by the Guggenheims, was a particularly heavy investor. The number of mines controlled by foreigners, according to Dr. James Douglas, a distinguished mining engineer, amounts to almost twelve hundred. Of these about 57

Small Talks

COL. C. J. MCCARTHY—It won't be long before our pilots will board ships by wireless. That sort of an invention ought to save the Territory some money.

F. B. MESTOCKER—Any passenger who lands at Kona must be a bumpet, or stick to the rocks like one. If he barge his shins on the rocks he will be more of a "himp it."

WILLIAM THOMPSON—If the public business is to be conducted with intelligence and sole regard for the business needs and the prosperity of the country, business men will have to do their politics other than by proxy.

E. I. SPALDING—The customary or usual cost of maintaining an average American family sometimes depends on the difference of one letter—whether the measure of necessary expense is gauged by what a man can afford or a "Ford."

G. K. LARRISON—Honey bees played the mischief with one of our clock register stations near Lihou last month. It was noticed that the instrument was not recording, so we took it apart and found about thirty pounds of fine honey-comb in the float well.

PROF. A. F. GRIFFITHS—The night blooming cereus will be in full bloom this Sunday evening. The sight, when these lovely flowers open, is a beautiful one and people, strangers in the city especially, should not miss the opportunity of seeing it.

ROBERT W. BRECKONR—Clarence Cooke is trying to prevent me from being a candidate for the house of representatives. His announcement of his candidacy is accompanied by his photograph and if this is to be the rule I will be ignominiously defeated.

L. B. REEVES—Sure the feminine pronoun should be applied to a ship. To call any kind of a craft—even a sampan—IT is in bad taste. I'll confess I've had experience with some ships that didn't behave like perfect ladies, but I guess they were suffragettes—the London variety.

A. D. CASTRO—Much of the success of the Republican party at the polls next November will depend on the quality of the platform which the territorial convention will adopt on Monday. Another thing the convention should do is to steer clear of taking sides on the question of candidates for nomination at the coming direct primary election.

J. D. DOUGHERTY—There must be no break in the carnival program. A rest day interjected into the middle of it would kill the interest in the events at the last of the week. My plan calls for a crescendo, a sustained program that will culminate in a climax on the last day. If it is a question of wearing people to a frazzle, I say let 'em wear. I would rather kill the people than kill the carnival.

CAPT. FRANK T. WARINER—I need to know Captain Larsen, the original of Jack London's Sea Wolf. We overhauled him a good many times, cruising in northern waters, through Berings and up in the Arctic. There is nothing overdrawn in Jack London's description of the Sea Wolf. The stories about as to his exploits would fill half a dozen novels.

BERNARD KELEKOLIO (The Boy Orator)—I am going to run for the house of representatives from the first representative district on the Republican ticket at the primary. There are a number of us on the Republican ticket, viz: N. K. Lyman, E. da Silva, Doctor Huddy, J. P. Hale, Tom E. Cook and myself, but after all, so far as I am concerned, the more the merrier.

H. W. KINNEY—I had an interesting ten-minute talk with Elsie Wong, who was mentioned last Sunday in The Advertiser, and who she left the office she carried with her the diploma which entitles her to admission to the McKinley High School. Considering her size and age, I found her to be one of the most interesting and intelligent pupils I have had the good fortune to be interviewed by.

JOHN JOSEPH—Mr. Advertiser and Mr. Bulletin, both of you will find out where Mr. Chas. Rice will land after our primary election next September the 12th, and that is at Huelo on the island of Maui. It means "pola" in Hawaiian or "tail" in English. The full meaning of the word "pola" in Hawaiian is "e alu ana" or "I should worry" in English, in other phrase "Aole i mauaola nahi wai o Alekoki."

JOHN M. MARTIN—I hereby announce myself, without reservations, as candidate for mayor of Honolulu on the Prohibition ticket. I saw a young fellow wandering around in the Y. M. C. A. lobby the other day, asking where he could hear some real classical music. I told him that he could hear what he wanted any week day at the Kakaia Mission and every Sunday at the jail. Remember me when you mark your ballot.

WHARFINGER C. E. CALVERT—Seems to me that pilots carry more ballast than some of the ships they bring into the harbor—not liquid ballast, but office furniture and queer paraphernalia that I can't classify. The Honolulu pilots have just finished moving into their new quarters on the Alakes pier and the job was like moving an overstuffed junkshop or ship chandlery. Biggest assortment of apparatus I ever saw assembled in one room.

CHINESE CONSUL TSE-ANG WOOHUAN—This report of Dr. Sun Yat Sen being aboard the Teoyo Maru en route to San Francisco, diagnosed as a scandal, is highly amusing to say the least. I cannot see how any sensible person could say such a thing. Will the person who published this report explain how a Chinese of the lower class could land in the United States? If I remember correctly the United States Immigration laws are still in effect.

E. E. CONANT—Kona has a great future if the administration would only let us alone. The mauka cane land turned out five tons of sugar per acre this year. Our juices were the best thus far reported from any plantation in the Islands, and the mauka cane ran under eight tons of cane per ton of sugar. We are planting nothing for the 1916 crop, but shall harvest all the ratoons up to the last minute. Some of our fields will have to go to harvest without any further cultivation.

W. C. ACHI—I believe that the government should assist the small farmers, homesteaders and home builders; therefore, the Republican party should pledge its candidates to the legislature to enact a law converting the repts of government lands and a special fund for the purpose of establishing a bank for the people of this Territory and, further, allowing the people to subscribe the stock of such bank, and, furthermore, such law should be made so that such bank may take advantage under the provisions of the Currency Bill.

REV. J. W. WADMAN—The sale of alcohol under government license is a relic of barbarism. Why should not the government also issue licenses to kill and rob? There would be just as much sense in it—and think of the revenue it would bring in! The government, which is all the people, including you and me, stands sponsor for crime and poverty and all the ills that the use of alcohol brings home to us. Then we spend three times the amount of the license money on a big police department, courts, orphan asylums, and for the support of the indigent. It is a tremendous economic waste.

E. I. SPALDING—I believe that it is the duty of the government to protect its own citizens at home and abroad. The administration has made a mess of the Mexican situation as much through its refusal to protect the lives and property of American citizens resident in a foreign country as in any other particular. There is nothing commendable that can be said on the administration's policy. Protection of American citizens is a national question; I believe that it is the duty of this American chamber of commerce of ours to take a strong stand, representing as we do the interests of the American citizens of this Territory.

D. WILLIAM DOUGHTITT—I read with regret of Duke Kahanamoku's partial defeat in the recent swimming meet in San Francisco. Two years ago, when he returned victorious from the Stockholm races, possessing the title of champion 50-yard swimmer of the world, and on several occasions since then, I advised him strongly to go on the vaudeville stage, as I was in a position to make excellent financial arrangements which would have put him on "easy street" for the rest of his life; but he couldn't see it that way. He may yet shine as a vaudeville star, but now "I hae me doots."

E. G. DUISENBERG—If anyone wants to double their money in two or three years now is the time to buy sugar stocks. There are many plantations not now on the dividend list which are sure to again pay a part of their profits to shareholders as soon as a banking surplus has been accumulated. The plantations must all get into position where they can do their own financing in 1916 and (towards). The non-payment of current dividends is conceded to be good business because if we do have free trade in 1916 and still not to grow cane it would probably be difficult to borrow working capital. Hawaii has got to get into position to finance its own industries, and now is the time to do it.

ner cent are under American control. Lead smelting in Mexico is almost totally in the hands of Americans, and American mine owners are responsible for fully three-quarters of the copper output. English money and machinery were the first to be employed in developing the mines of the country after it became a republic a century ago; but from the time when the ill-will engendered by the Mexican war was replaced by appreciation of American sympathy at the time of the French occupation, the United States has been the chief factor in the development of Mexican resources. Since then, Dr. Douglas remarks, the financial rivulet has become a flood of such volume as not unnaturally to excite some uneasiness in the Mexican mind.—Current Opinion.